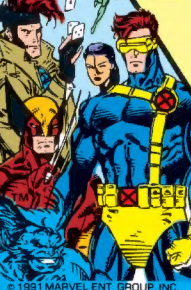




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LEE  
&  
WILLIAMS



STAN LEE PROUDLY PRESENTS  
CHRIS CLAREMONT'S FINAL ISSUE OF THE X-MEN:

# Fallout!

By  
CHRIS  
CLAREMONT  
and JIM  
LEE

OFFICIALLY SPEAKING,  
FIFTY MILES HIGH IS  
WHERE SPACE BEGINS.

THE BOUNDARY ISN'T THAT PRECISE, OF  
COURSE; ON A MOLECULAR LEVEL, EARTH'S  
ATMOSPHERE GOES ON FOR QUITE A WAY.  
FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES THOUGH,  
THIS IS CONSIDERED TO BE AS HIGH AS  
HUMAN BEINGS CAN FLY IN ANYTHING  
LESS THAN A ROCKET.

SCOTT WILLIAMS  
INKER

TOM ORZECOWSKI  
LETTERER

JOE ROSAS  
COLORIST

BOB HARRAS  
EDITOR

TOM DeFALCO  
EDITOR IN CHIEF



A RESTRICTION THAT EVIDENTLY DOES NOT APPLY TO THE UNCANNY X-MEN.

I MAY HATE APOCALYPSE FOR GRAFTING THESE BIONIC WINGS IN PLACE OF THE REAL ONES I WAS BORN WITH...

... BUT I HAVE TO ADMIT, STORM, THEY ARE A PIECE OF WORK.

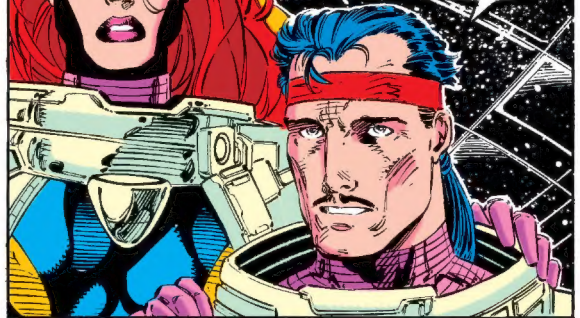
WITHOUT THEM, I COULD NEVER SOAR SO HIGH, EVEN WITH YOUR WINDS TO HELP.

STORM'S REACHED HER LIMIT.

SHE'S FOCUSED HER POWER TO ITS UTMOST, BUT THE AIR IS TOO THIN AT THIS ALTITUDE TO SUSTAIN EVEN A GHOST OF A WIND.

HER BEST IS PLENTY GOOD ENOUGH, RED. SHE'S PULLED THIS GLIDER A FAIR PIECE HIGHER THAN WE EXPECTED.

SHOULD MAKE YOUR JOB THAT MUCH EASIER.

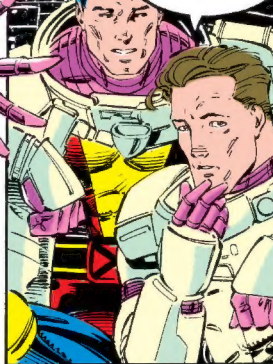


I HATE THIS. I REALLY HATE THIS.

I MEAN, FLYING'S BAD ENOUGH -- BUT IN SPACE? SHTO?

AND WHY DOES THE STUPID PLANE HAVE TO BE TRANSPARENT?!

FORGE SAID IT WAS TO MAKE US FUNCTIONALLY INVISIBLE, BOTH TO ELECTRONIC AND OPTICAL SCANNERS.

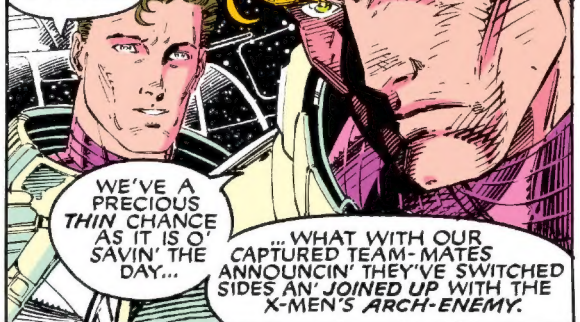


THAT IS WHY IT IS A GLIDER...

I AM AFRAID, MY FRIEND, THIS MAY BE AS FAR AS WE GO.

YEAH, I KNOW-- WITH NO METAL ELEMENTS, SUCH AS ENGINES, FOR MAGNETO TO DETECT.

YE'D BEST PRAY THE INDIAN'S RIGHT, ICEMAN ME BOYO, OR WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD.



WE'VE A PRECIOUS THIN CHANCE AS IT IS O' SAVIN' THE DAY...

... WHAT WITH OUR CAPTURED TEAM-MATES ANNOUNCIN' THEY'VE SWITCHED SIDES AN' JOINED UP WITH THE X-MEN'S ARCH-ENEMY.



"NOT T' MENTION  
THE **GREAT**  
POWERS DOWN  
BELOW..."

"...BOUND-AN'-  
DETERMINED TO  
TAKE A MESS  
AN' TURN IT  
INTO A ROYAL  
CATASTROPHE."

"NOT SIMPLY  
FOR US  
MUTANTS,  
BUT F'R THE  
WHOLE SAD,  
SORRY  
PLANET!"

YOU CAN'T DO  
THIS! SUPPOSE  
YOU DON'T  
DESTROY  
**ASTEROID M**,  
BUT SIMPLY  
KNOCK IT OUT  
OF ORBIT?

ANYONE WANNA  
IMAGINE THE **DAMAGE**  
THAT HUNK O' ROCK'LL  
DO WHEN IT HITS  
THE GROUND?

THE FIRING  
TRAJECTORY,  
**COLONEL FURY**,  
HAS BEEN CALCU-  
LATED TO BLAST  
THE TARGET AWAY  
FROM EARTH  
AND INTO DEEP  
SPACE.

AN' IF  
THEY'RE  
WRONG?

YOU  
WOULD  
RATHER  
WE DO  
**NOTHING**,  
COLONEL?

I DON'T SEE  
THE SENSE O'  
STAMPEDIN' INTO  
A COURSE OF  
ACTION WE MAY  
ALL REGRET.

**PLASMA**  
CANNON  
APPROACH-  
ING OPTIMUM  
FIRING  
POINT.

YOU'RE A  
SOLDIER,  
FURY. I'D'VE  
THOUGHT  
YOU, OF ALL  
PEOPLE,  
WOULD UNDER-  
STAND.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN,  
CHIEF  
ANDER-  
SON?

THIS IS A WAR,  
AMBASSADOR  
KAMANEV!

AND WE EITHER  
WIN IT OUTRIGHT,  
OR YIELD OUR-  
SELVES-- AND ALL  
HUMANITY-- UP TO  
MAGNETO AS  
VIRTUAL SLAVES!  
ALLOWING HIM TO  
LORD IT OVER US  
LIKE SOME  
ANCIENT GOD ON  
MOUNT OLYMPUS.

YES, PEOPLE WILL  
SUFFER AND PEOPLE  
MAY WELL DIE-- AS MY  
COUNTRYMEN HERE IN  
GENOSHA HAVE  
SUFFERED AND DIED AT  
THE HANDS OF THAT  
MUTANT MADMAN AND  
HIS PET TERRORISTS--  
BUT SOMETIMES THAT'S  
THE PRICE DEMANDED  
OF SURVIVAL.

AND  
FREEDOM!

MY  
GOVERNMENT'S  
POSITION,  
PRECISELY.

AND YOURS AS  
WELL, COLONEL FURY.

IN THIS,  
MOSCOW AND  
WASHINGTON  
ARE IN FULL  
AGREE-  
MENT.

OUR HEADS OF  
STATE ARE THE  
MAKERS OF POLICY,  
**DR. COOPER**.

WE ARE MERELY ITS  
EXECUTORS. AND OUR  
ORDERS ARE PLAIN.

DIRECTLY THE **PLASMA**  
CANNON ACHIEVES ITS  
FIRING COORDINATES,  
**ASTEROID M**-- AND  
ALL ABOARD--

NO  
MATTER  
THE  
COST?

--ARE TO BE  
DESTROYED.



THEY'RE  
SERIOUS.

THEY'RE  
SCARED,  
MS. GREY.

IN WAYS WE CAN'T  
EVEN CONCEIVE OF,  
BECAUSE-- EVEN THOUGH  
WE X-MEN ARE THE GOOD  
GUYS-- WE'RE THE ONES  
THEY'RE SCARED OF.

THE FUTURE THEY SEE, JEAN, IS  
ONE WHERE THEY'RE DESTINED TO  
BE PERPETUAL VICTIMS, INNOCENTS  
CAUGHT BETWEEN BEINGS WHOSE  
POWERS THEY BARELY COMPREHEND  
AND HAVEN'T A HOPE OF MATCHING.  
WHERE THEY'LL ALWAYS BE AT  
OUR MERCY.

MUTANTS, SUPER-  
BEINGS, GODS, ALIENS,  
A GUY WHO STICKS TO WALLS AT  
ONE EXTREME, A CREATURE WHO  
EATS PLANETS AT THE OTHER; EACH  
ONE THAT COMES INTO BEING,  
THEY FEEL, DIMINISHES THE  
REST OF HUMANITY, ORDINARY  
HOMO SAPIENS, THAT LITTLE  
BIT MORE.

THEY LOOK AROUND,  
THEY SEE A WORLD THAT'S  
SLIPPING MORE AND MORE  
OUT OF THEIR CONTROL.

THIS WAY, THEY  
DEMONSTRATE THEY  
MEAN BUSINESS. THEY  
MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO PUT  
THE GENETIC GENIE BACK IN  
ITS BOTTLE, BUT THEY'RE  
STILL DETERMINED TO  
BE ITS MASTER.

AND  
THEREBY  
PROVE  
MAGNETO  
RIGHT.

HOW'S YOUR  
PSILINK  
WITH THE  
PROF? YOU  
SURE IT  
CAN'T BE  
TAGGED?

FORGE,  
I'VE BEEN  
CHARLES  
XAVIER'S  
STUDENT  
SINCE I WAS  
A CHILD.

WE'RE  
TELE-  
PATHICALLY  
BONDED ON  
LEVELS NO  
ONE CAN  
TOUCH.

THE PROFES-  
SOR IS WELL.  
BUT THE  
SITUATION IS  
AS BAD AS WE  
FEARED.

...THEY WILL  
FIGHT US AS  
TENACIOUSLY  
AND COUR-  
AGEOUSLY  
AS THEY  
WOULD THEIR  
DEADLIEST  
FOES.

CYCLOPS  
AND HIS  
TEAM...

... HAVE  
WHOLEHEARTEDLY  
EMBRACED MAG-  
NETO'S CAUSE.  
AND IF WE DO  
NOT FOLLOW  
THEIR LEAD...



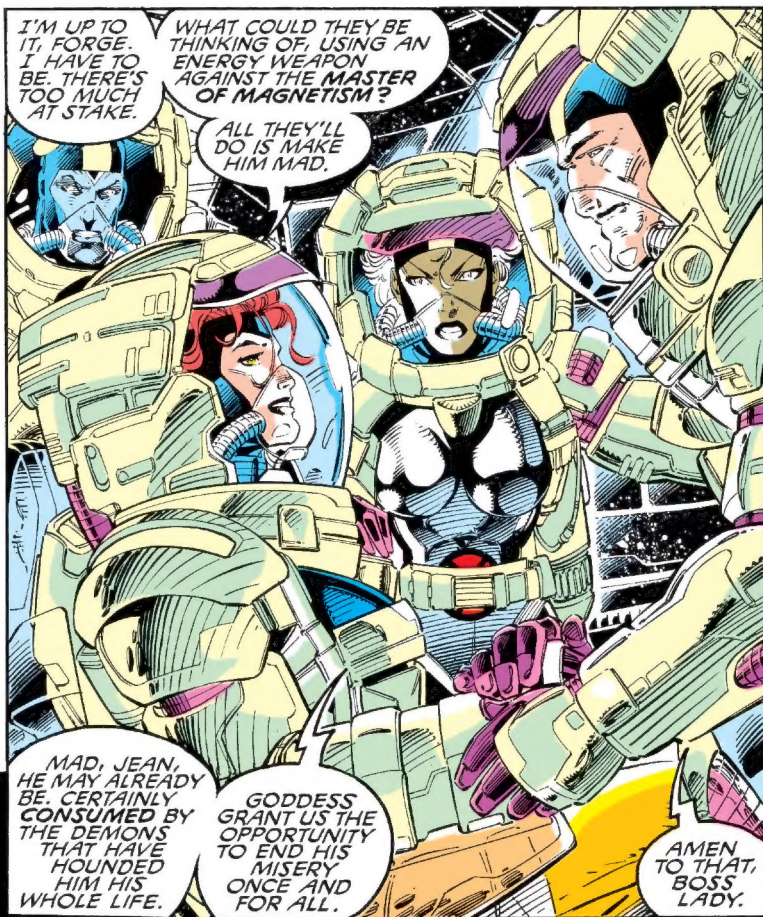


BE A MOOT POINT ONCE THAT PLASMA CANNON STARTS TAKING POT-SHOTS.

STORM AND ARCH-ANGEL ARE THROUGH THE AIRLOCK.

EVERYBODY SEAL YOUR HELMETS AND CHARGE YOUR PRESSURE SUITS.

COMIN' UP ON SHOWTIME, RED.



I'M UP TO IT, FORGE. I HAVE TO BE. THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE.

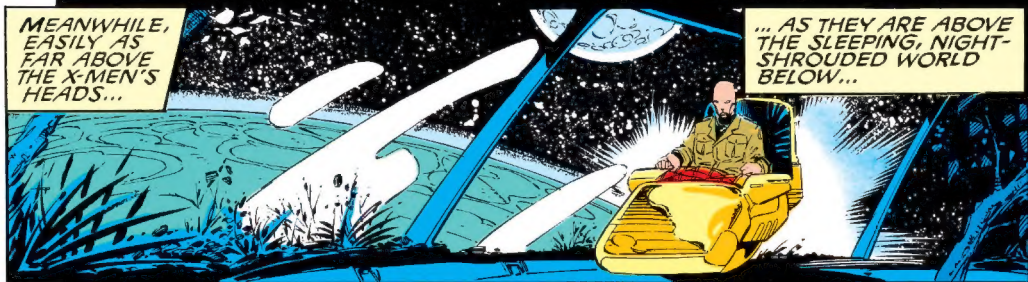
WHAT COULD THEY BE THINKING OF, USING AN ENERGY WEAPON AGAINST THE MASTER OF MAGNETISM?

ALL THEY'LL DO IS MAKE HIM MAD.

MAD, JEAN, HE MAY ALREADY BE. CERTAINLY CONSUMED BY THE DEMONS THAT HAVE HOUNDED HIM HIS WHOLE LIFE.

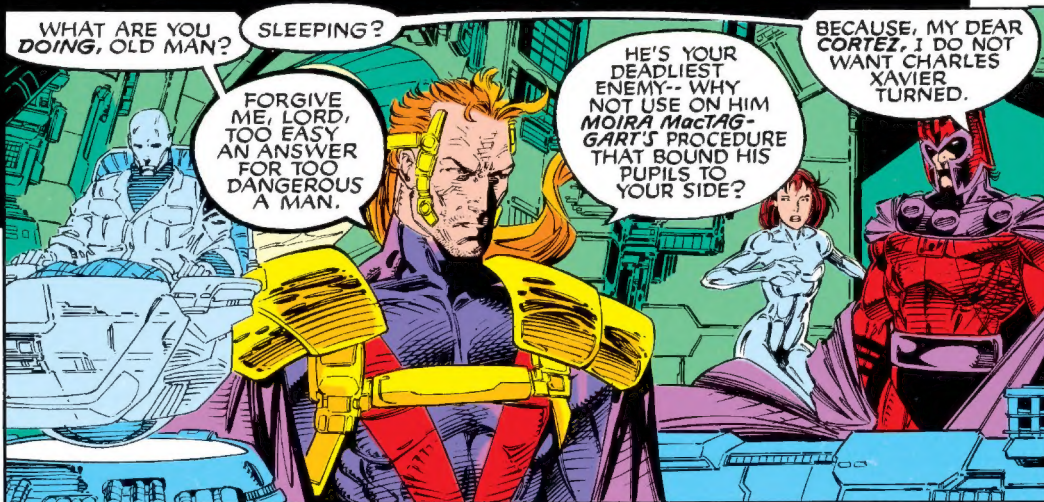
GODDESS GRANT US THE OPPORTUNITY TO END HIS MISERY ONCE AND FOR ALL.

AMEN TO THAT, BOSS LADY.



MEANWHILE, EASILY AS FAR ABOVE THE X-MEN'S HEADS...

... AS THEY ARE ABOVE THE SLEEPING, NIGHT-SHROUDED WORLD BELOW...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, OLD MAN?

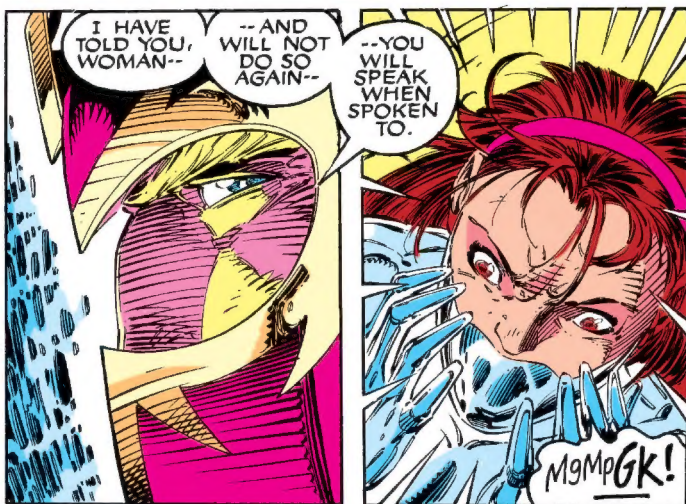
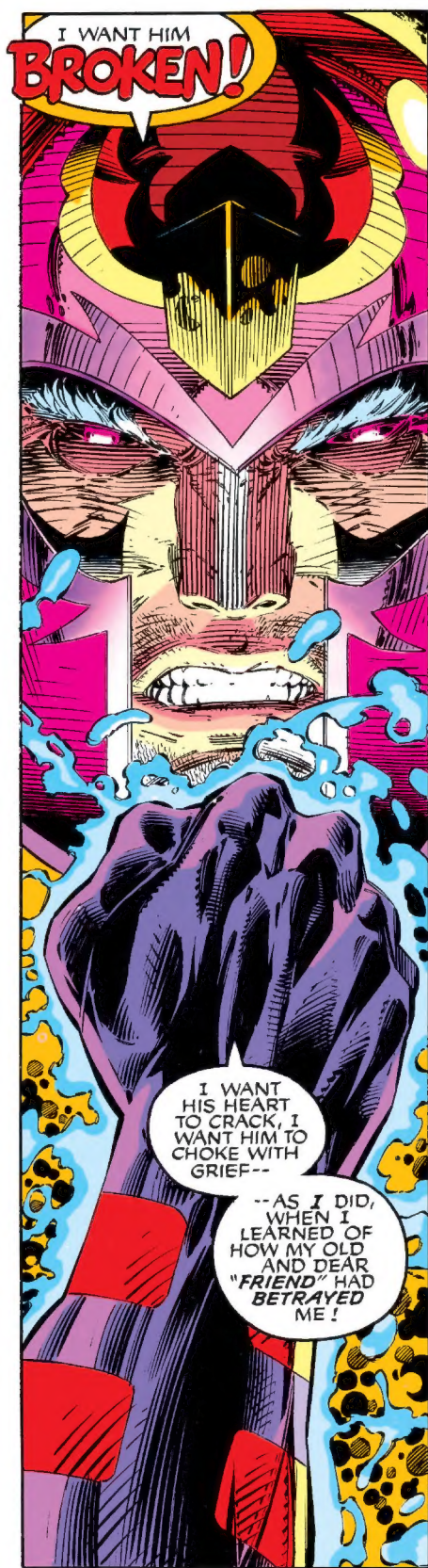
SLEEPING?

FORGIVE ME, LORD, TOO EASY AN ANSWER FOR TOO DANGEROUS A MAN.

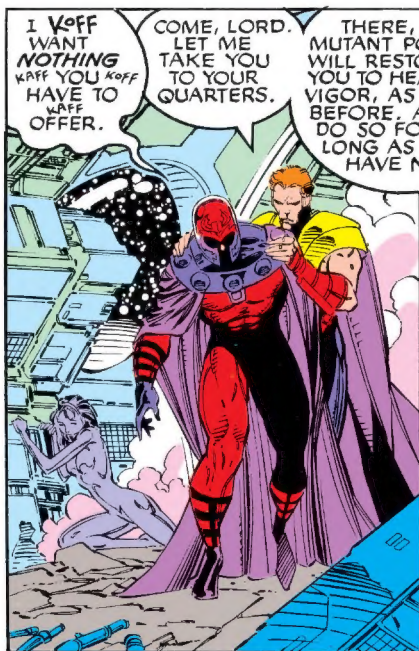
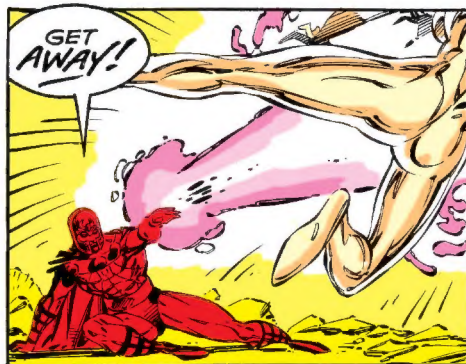
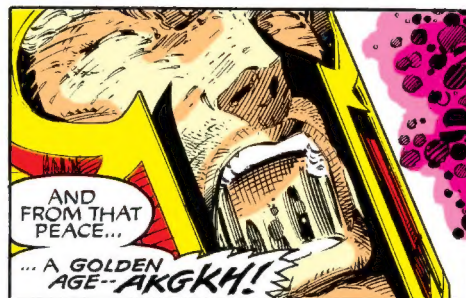
HE'S YOUR DEADLIEST ENEMY-- WHY NOT USE ON HIM MOIRA MacTARGART'S PROCEDURE THAT BOUND HIS PUPILS TO YOUR SIDE?

BECAUSE, MY DEAR CORTEZ, I DO NOT WANT CHARLES XAVIER TURNED.









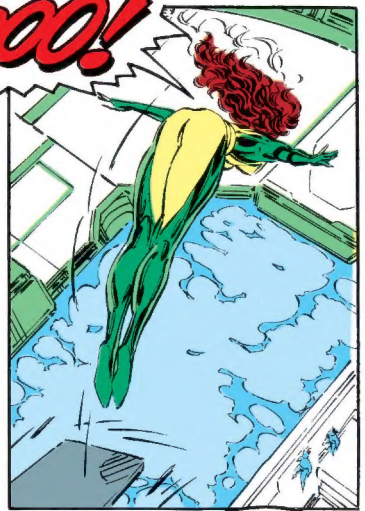


AT ROUGHLY THAT MOMENT, ELSEWHERE IN THE HUGE ASTEROID...

...CYCLOPS'S TEAM OF X-MEN ARE ASSUMING THEIR NEW ROLES AS MAGNETO'S LATEST ACOLYTES AS THOUGH BORN TO THEM.

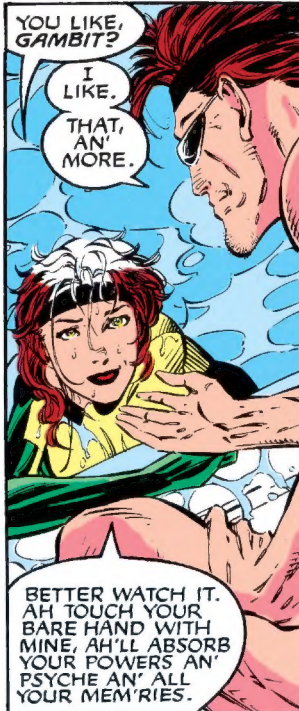
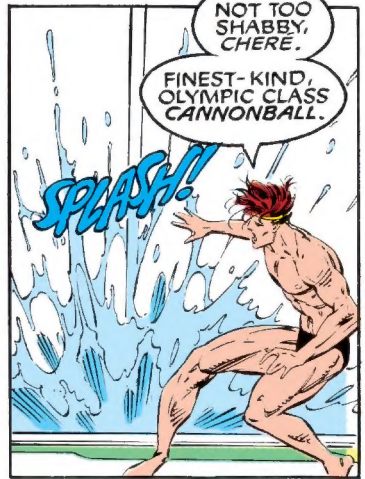
WAH-

**HOOOO!**



NOT TOO SHABBY, THERE.

FINEST-KIND, OLYMPIC CLASS CANNONBALL.



YOU LIKE, GAMBIT?

I LIKE THAT, AN' MORE.

BETTER WATCH IT. AH TOUCH YOUR BARE HAND WITH MINE, AH'LL ABSORB YOUR POWERS AN' PSYCHE AN' ALL YOUR MEM'RIES.



MAYBE.

MAYBE NOT.

WAN' TAKE THE RISK, LI'L RIVER RAT?

I... I...



**No!**

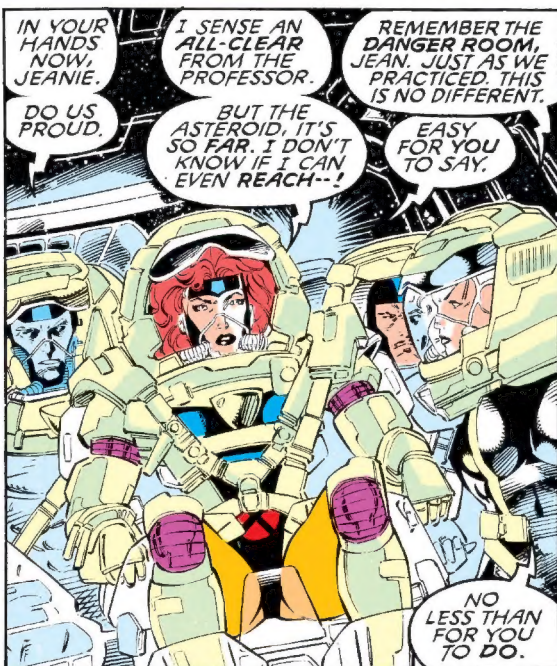


AH'M SORRY, GAMBIT, AH-- WELL NOW, AIN'T THAT A SIGHT!

FIRST TIME-- EVER-- AH B' LIEVE...

...AH'VE SEEN THAT CAJUN CHARMER THROWN OFF-BALANCE.







THINK OF IT AS THE ULTIMATE GRAPPLING HOOK...

... A STRAND OF ENERGY CAST ACROSS THE GULF OF MILES...

... BUT THEN HOLD FAST AS JEAN, USING ONLY THE POWER OF HER THOUGHTS AND HER INNATE STRENGTH OF WILL...

... HAULS THE GLIDER UPWARDS, HAND OVER MENTAL HAND...

... KNOWING THAT THE SLIGHTEST SLIP, THE MOST MOMENTARY WEAKNESS, WILL DOOM THEM ALL.

BY HEAVEN--!

IF ONLY I COULD ADD MY PSYCHIC STRENGTH TO MINE.

BUT MAGNETO'S INHIBITORS PREVENT MY UTILIZING MY OWN PSYCHIC POWERS.

"IN THIS CASE, MY DEAR CHILD CAN DEPEND ON NONE BUT HERSELF."

THERE'S SOMETHIN' OUT THERE!

SO FAINT THOUGH I CAN BARELY SEE IT.

... THAT MUST NOT ONLY LATCH ONTO ASTEROID M AS IT SWINGS PAST ALONG ITS ORBITAL TRACK...

COMPANY COMIN', MOIRA?

WOLVERINE!

Oh NO  
**NO!**

COMIN' TO THE RESCUE, ARE THEY?

CAN'T SAY THAT'S MUCH OF A SURPRISE.

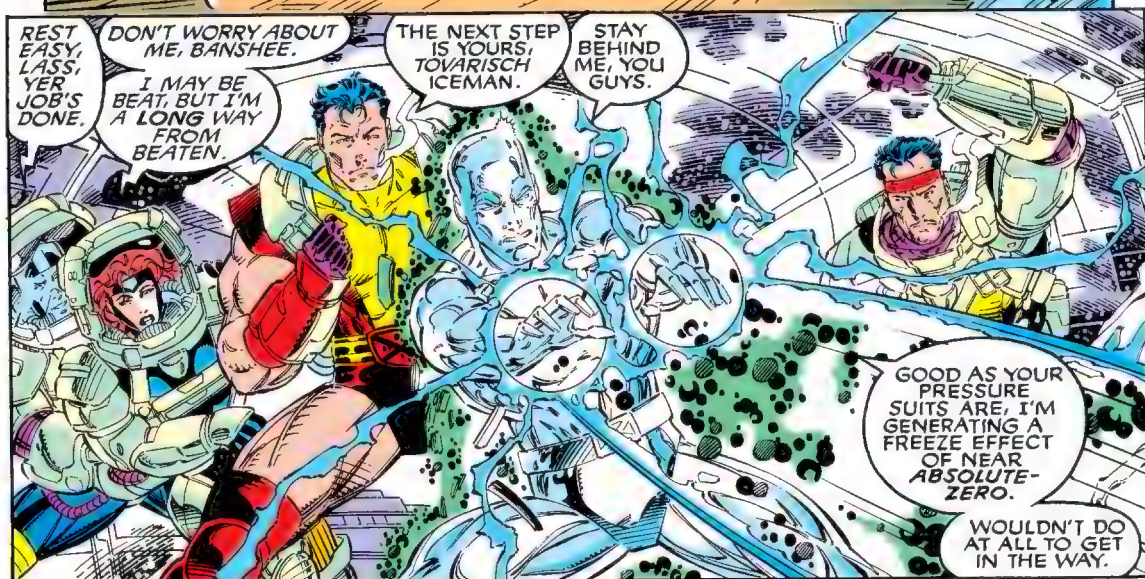
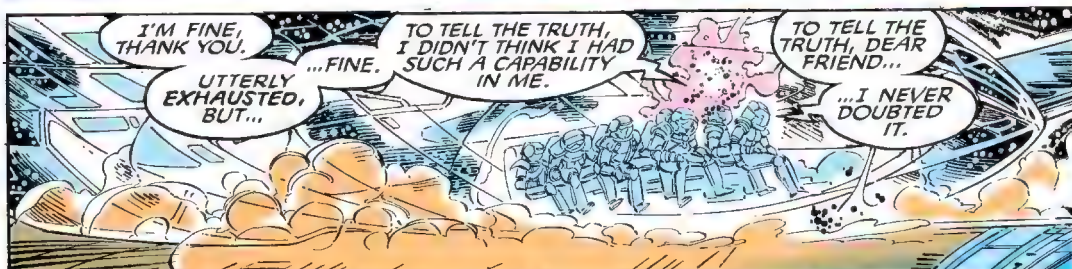
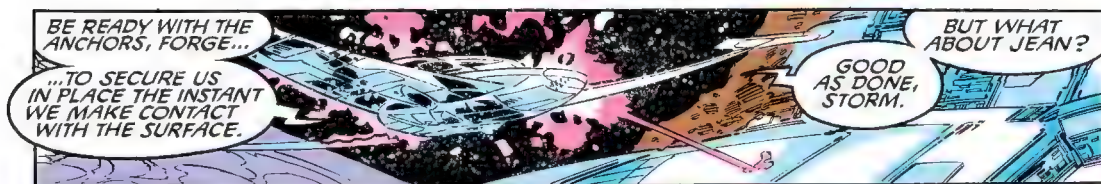
TRANSPARENT PLANE. STORM'S IDEA, FORGE'S DOING, I'LL BET.

VERY SNEAKY. I LIKE THAT.

**SNKT!**

BETTER MAKE SURE WE GIVE 'EM THE WELCOME THEY DESERVE.







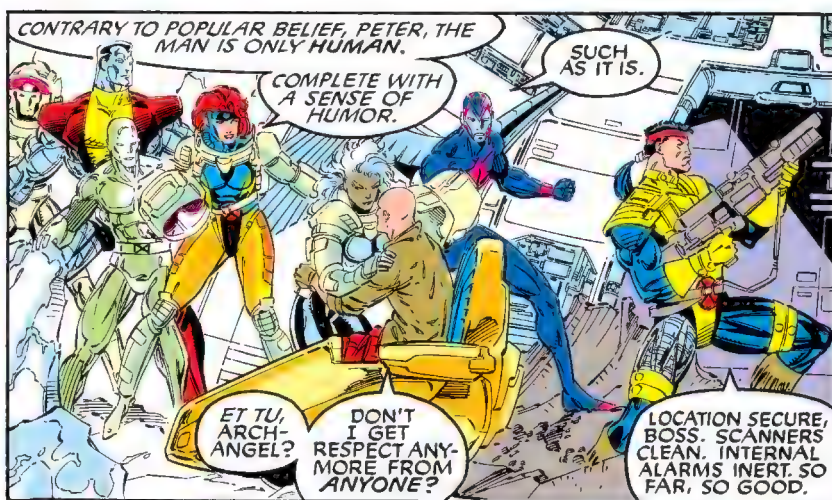


YOUR PARDON, SIR, WE ARE HERE TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A RESCUE.

PITY. I WAS HOPING FOR A PIZZA DELIVERY.

IS PROFESSOR XAVIER UNWELL, STORM?

HE IS MAKING A JOKE!



CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, PETER, THE MAN IS ONLY HUMAN.

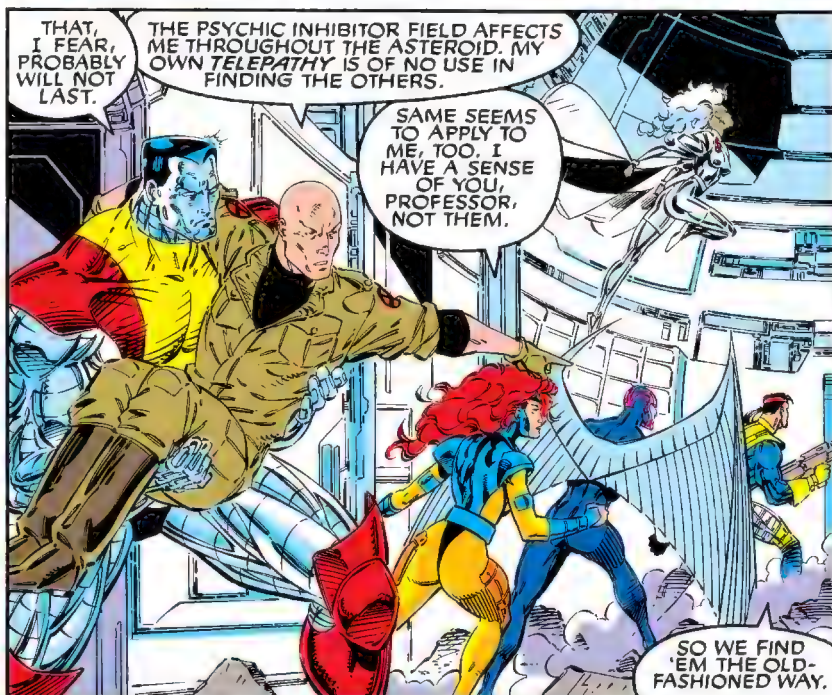
COMPLETE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR.

SUCH AS IT IS.

ET TU, ARCH-ANGEL?

DON'T I GET RESPECT ANYMORE FROM ANYONE?

LOCATION SECURE, BOSS. SCANNERS CLEAN. INTERNAL ALARMS INERT. SO FAR, SO GOOD.



THAT, I FEAR, PROBABLY WILL NOT LAST.

THE PSYCHIC INHIBITOR FIELD AFFECTS ME THROUGHOUT THE ASTEROID. MY OWN TELEPATHY IS OF NO USE IN FINDING THE OTHERS.

SAME SEEMS TO APPLY TO ME, TOO. I HAVE A SENSE OF YOU, PROFESSOR, NOT THEM.

SO WE FIND 'EM THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.



NOT NECESSARY, FORGE.



WE'VE ALREADY FOUND YOU!



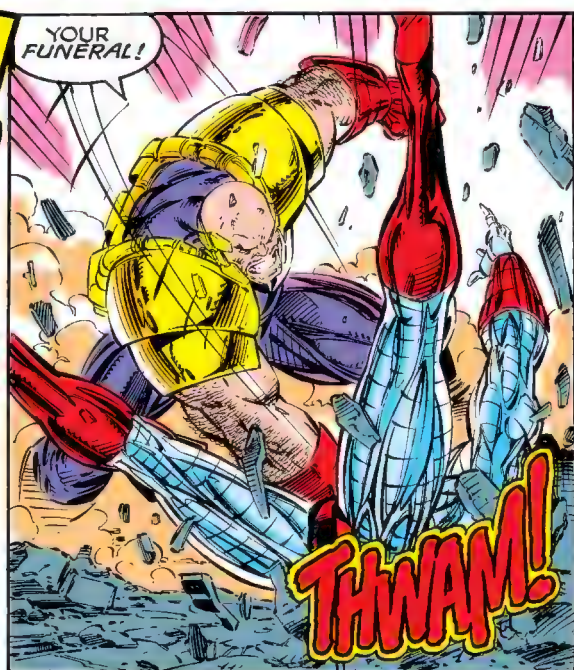
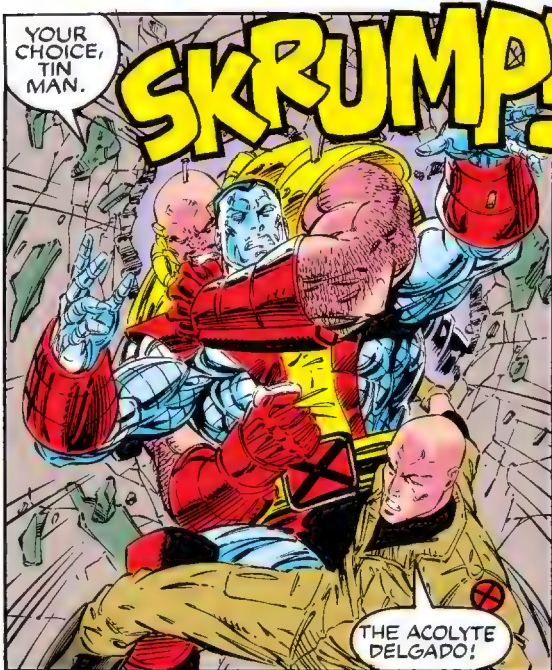
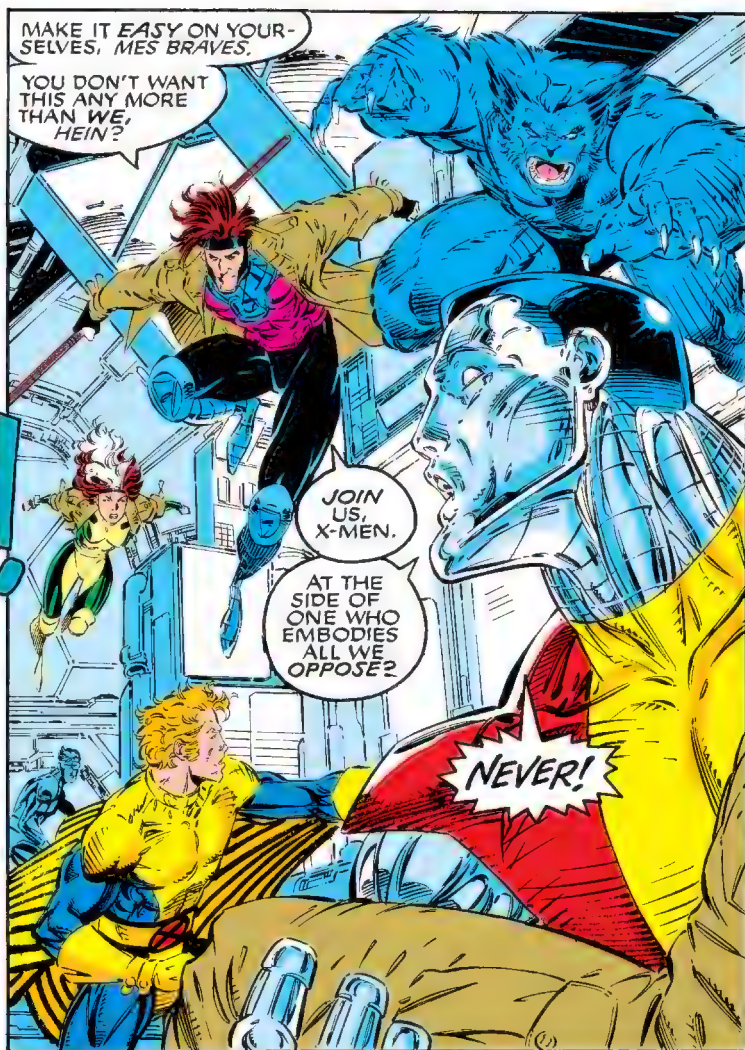
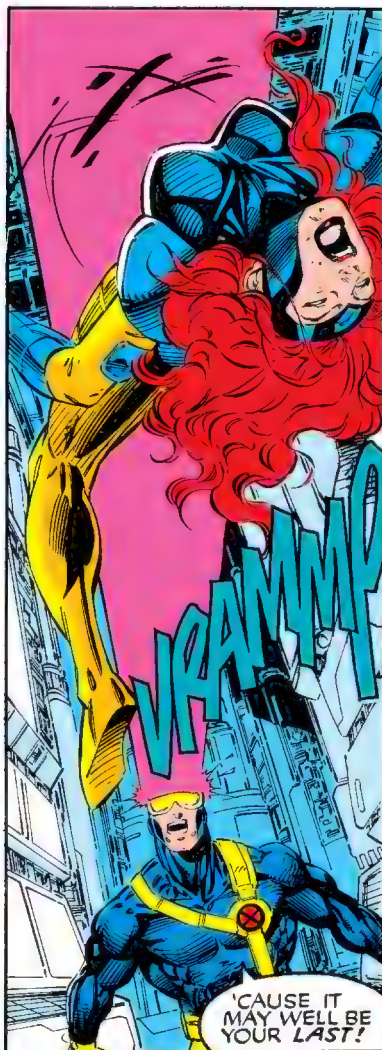
SO TELL ME, RED--

-- IS MY KISS AS MUCH FUN...

...AS WOLVERINE'S?

CYCLOPS!?!?







IF I MAY BE SO BOLD...

...THAT'S HARDLY THE WAY TO INFLUENCE PEOPLE...

...MUCH LESS MAKE FRIENDS.

**KWUDD!**

REVEALING YOUR TRUE COLORS, M'SIEU BETE?

NO MATTER, WHEN THIS IS FINISHED...

...WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU SEE THE LIGHT.

**KRAK!**

YOUR WAY OR NO-THING, THAT THE TICKET, GAMBIT?

CAST ASIDE THE PAST LIKE A SNAKE SHEDDING ITS SKIN, AS THOUGH IT WAS NOTHING?

**BLAST THE MAN! HOW CAN HE BE BLOCKING MY EVERY SHOT?!**

BLAZES, HE'S DEFLECTING THEM BACK AT ME.

SHIELD'S STOPPING MOST--

**AKGH!**

LAST ONE CLIPPED MY PROSTHETIC LEG. ONLY A SURFACE STRIKE, THOUGH, NO MAJOR DAMAGE.

CAJUN'S NAILED, FORGE.

STORM'S GOING AFTER ROGUE, ANYONE ELSE DOWN HERE NEED A HAND?

**BWUDD!**

ONLY ONE PERSON AT THE MOMENT, ICEMAN.





REGRETTABLY, THOUGH, ANY POSSIBLE DELIVERANCE FROM YOUR TEAM-MATES...

You!

...WILL COME TOO LATE!



Wugh!

BUT PSYLOCKE'S OUT-SMARTED HERSELF. FOR WHILE HER PSYCHIC KNIFE DOES INDEED DISRUPT THE STRUCTURE OF ICEMAN'S BRAIN...



...IT ALSO TRIGGERS AN UN-CONTROLLABLE, BROAD-BAND OUTBURST OF ENERGY FROM HIM THAT LEAVES EVERYTHING IN CLOSE PROXIMITY SHEETED IN ICE-- INCLUDING HER.



MEANWHILE...

TK'S STILL TOO WEAK TO DEFEND MYSELF.

MY TELEPATHY'S ALLOWING ME TO ANTICIPATE SCOTT'S TARGETS A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE HE FIRES...

... BUT I CAN'T MAINTAIN THIS PACE. MY BODY'S TIRING TOO MUCH TO KEEP DODGING HIS OPTIC BLASTS.



CYCLOPS-- ALL OF YOU--

--STOP!

ROGUE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

HAVE YOU BETRAYED THE CAUSE, TOO?!!

ZARK!

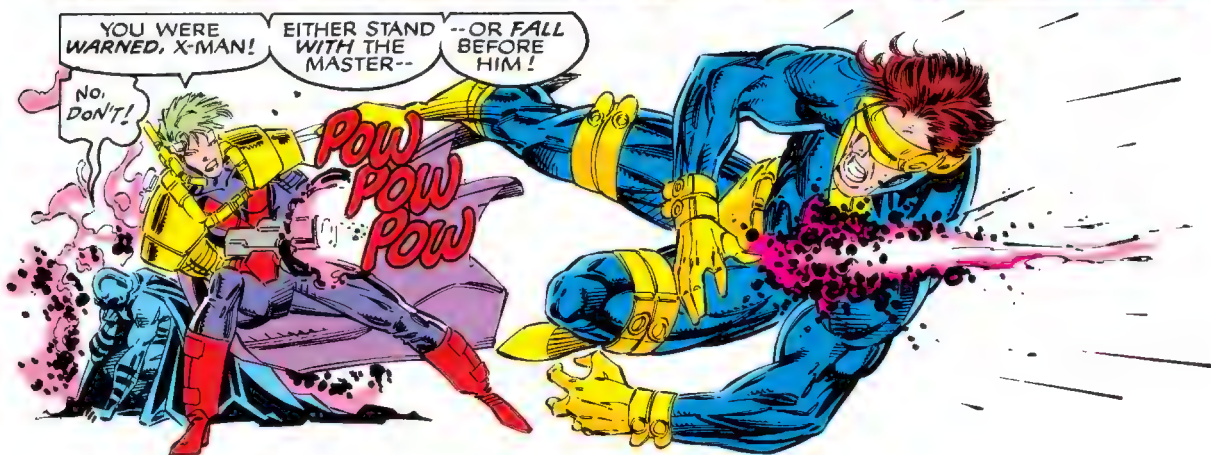
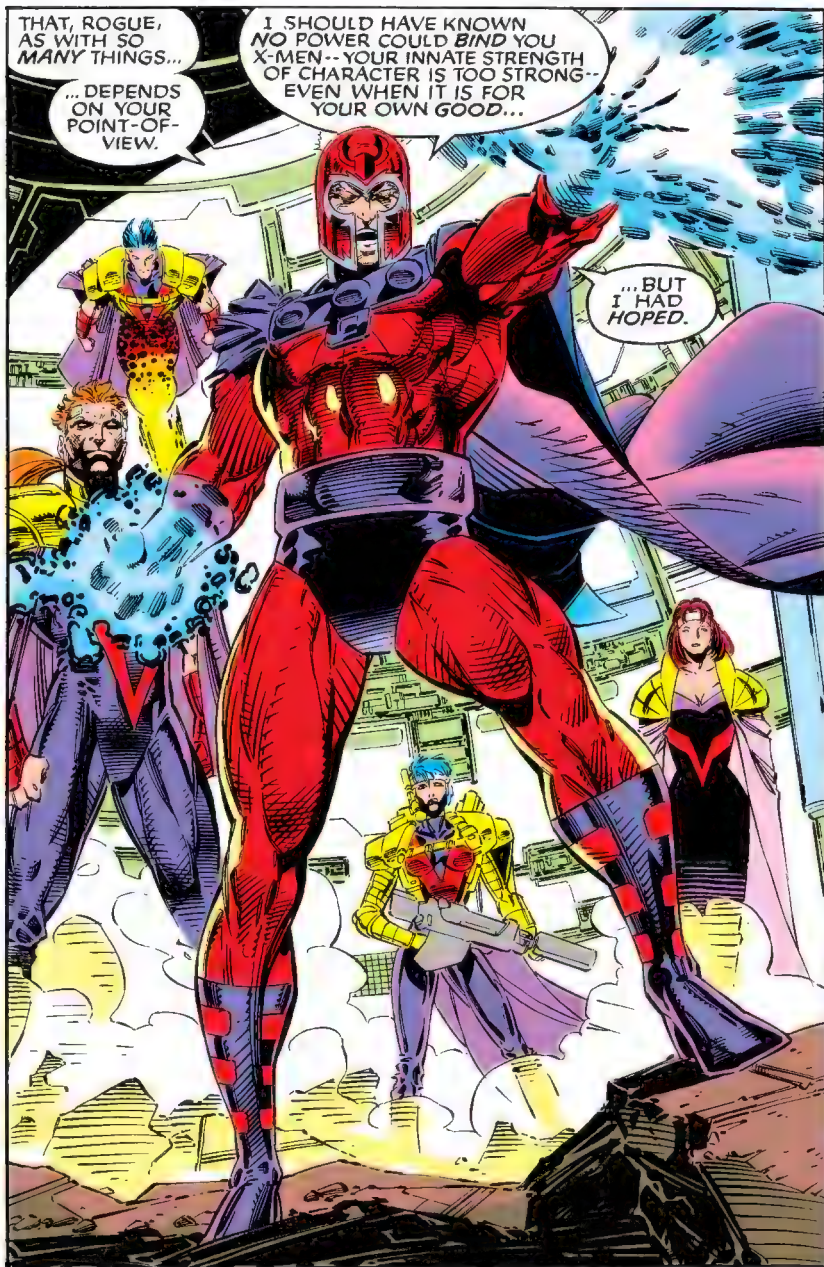
WAIT--  
--THIS IS INSANE--  
--WHAT AM I DOING?!

AIN'T ALT'GETHER SURE MYSELF...

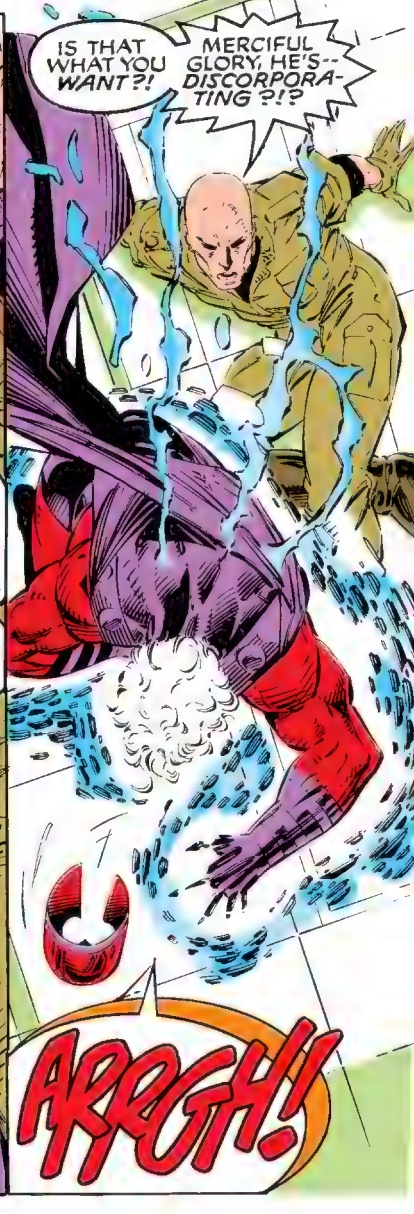
'CEPT WE'RE SIDIN' WITH OUR DEADLIEST FOES AGAINST OUR NEAREST AN' DEAREST...

... AN' THAT AIN'T NATURAL!

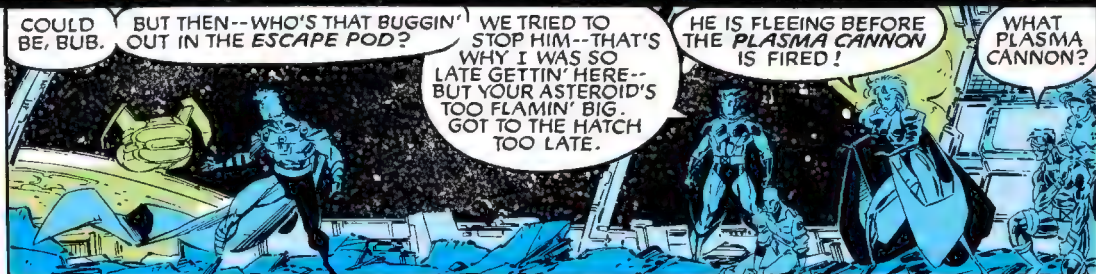
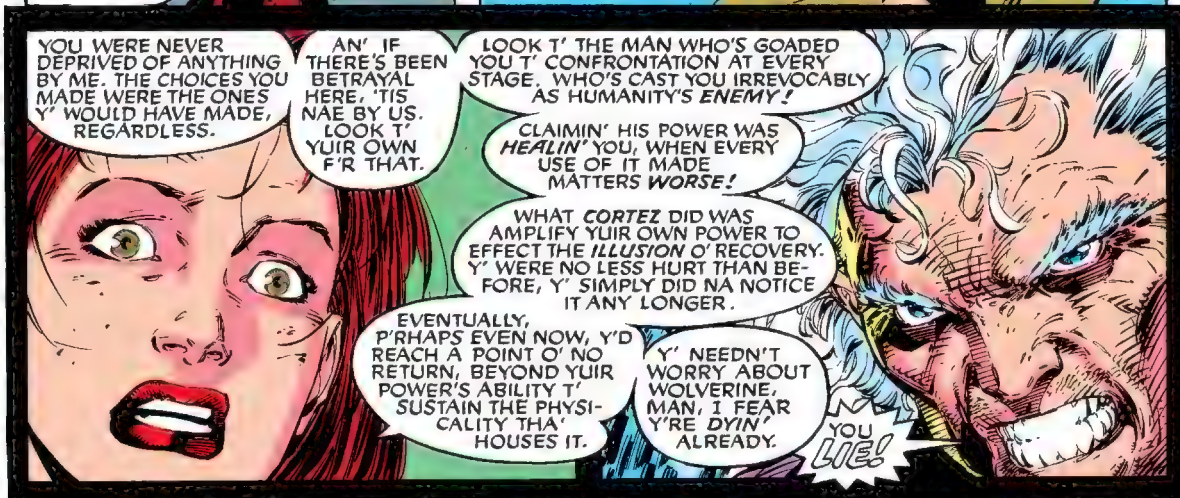
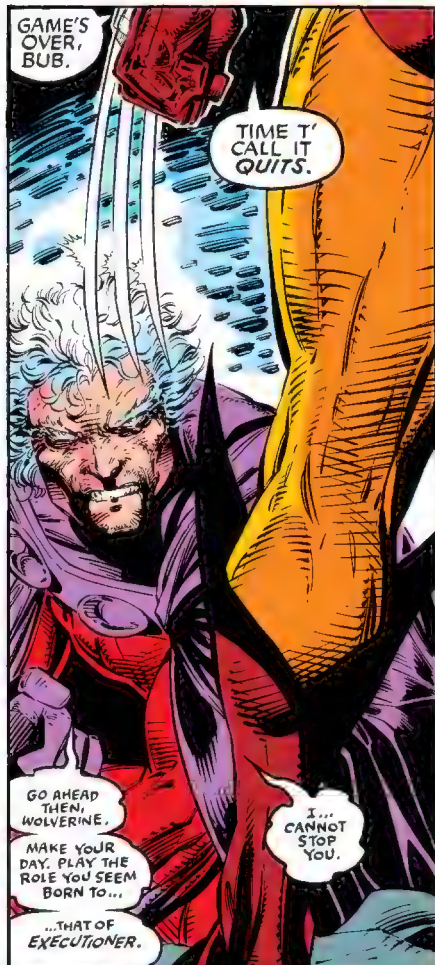




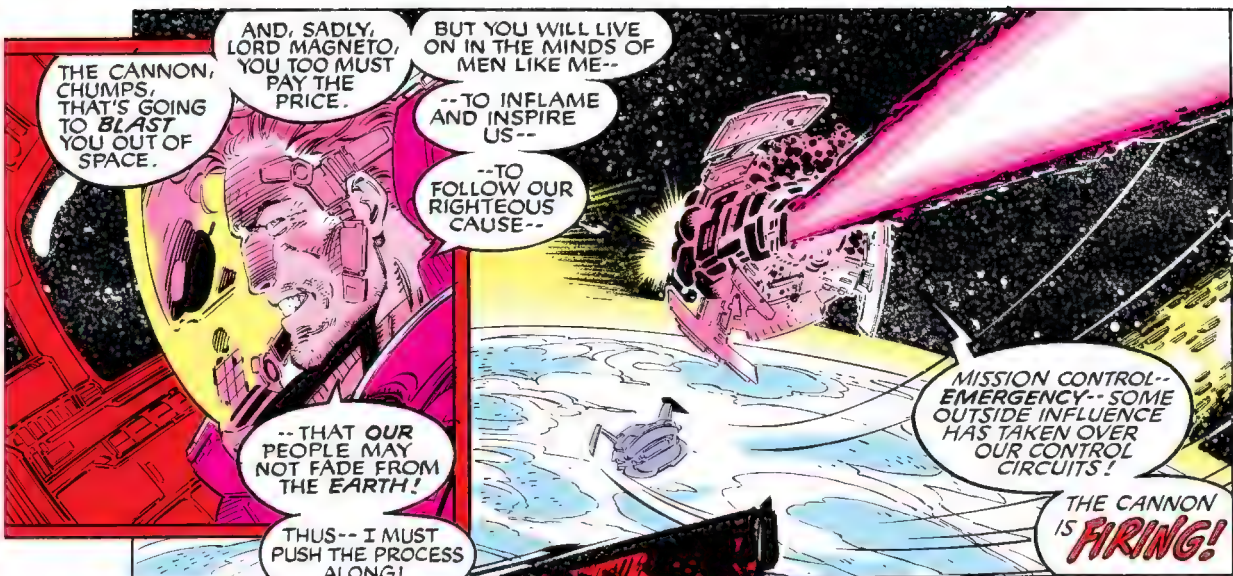












THE CANNON, CHUMPS, THAT'S GOING TO BLAST YOU OUT OF SPACE.

AND, SADLY, LORD MAGNETO, YOU TOO MUST PAY THE PRICE.

BUT YOU WILL LIVE ON IN THE MINDS OF MEN LIKE ME--

--TO INFLAME AND INSPIRE US--

--TO FOLLOW OUR RIGHTEOUS CAUSE--

--THAT OUR PEOPLE MAY NOT FADE FROM THE EARTH!

THUS-- I MUST PUSH THE PROCESS ALONG!

MISSION CONTROL-- EMERGENCY-- SOME OUTSIDE INFLUENCE HAS TAKEN OVER OUR CONTROL CIRCUITS!

THE CANNON IS **FIRING!**

WITH, AS PREDICTED, AS FEARED, DEVASTATING RESULTS.

THE BEAM BURNS THROUGH SOLID ROCK AS THOUGH THE ASTEROID HAD NO MORE SUBSTANCE THAN A CLOUD.

AND BECAUSE ITS INTERNAL SYSTEMS-- INDEED, IN SOME MEASURE, THE PHYSICAL FABRIC OF THE PLANETOID-- ARE LINKED WITH MAGNETO HIMSELF...

... HE IS STRUCK AS HARD, PERHAPS EVEN AS FATALLY, AS HIS HOME.

A... MASTERFUL STRATAGEM. IN ADDITION TO THE PLASMA BEAM, CORTEZ ATTEMPTED TO SIMULTANEOUSLY IGNITE THE NUCLEAR WARHEADS...

... OF THE MISSILES I HAD ARRAYED ABOUT MY ASTEROID AS A DEFENSIVE MEASURE.

I HAVE MAGNETICALLY... DISABLED THE TRIGGERS. THE WEAPONS ARE USELESS.

TIME T' GO, FOLKS.

FAST AS WE CAN!

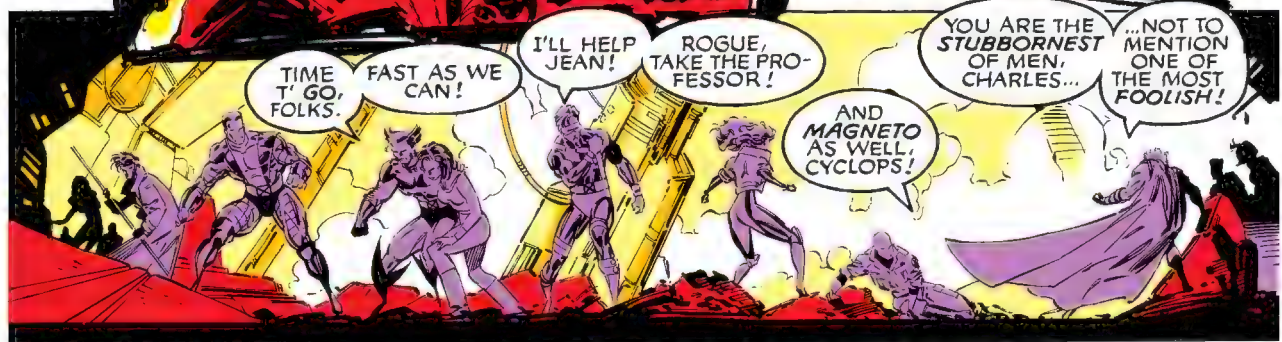
I'LL HELP JEAN!

ROGUE, TAKE THE PROFESSOR!

AND MAGNETO AS WELL, CYCLOPS!

YOU ARE THE STUBBORNEST OF MEN, CHARLES...

...NOT TO MENTION ONE OF THE MOST FOOLISH!





I HAVE ENCLOSED THE ASTEROID WITH AN ENERGY SHIELD, TO DEFLECT ANY FURTHER ATTACKS.

IT TAKES MY TOTAL CONCENTRATION TO MAINTAIN THE INTERNAL PHYSICAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL INTEGRITY OF THIS COMPLEX.

HERE I AM, HERE I WILL REMAIN.

IF YOU WON'T SAVE YOURSELF, AT LEAST THINK OF YOUR FOLLOWERS.

THERE'S ROOM IN THE X-WING, COME WITH US, I BEG YOU!

NO.

THEY HAVE MADE THEIR **FREE CHOICE**, CHARLES. SO HAVE I.

MY LIFE WAS SHAPED BY FORCES AND EVENTS NONE OF YOU CAN POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND.

YOU SPEAK TO THE BEST IN HUMANITY. I HAVE ENDURED THE WORST.

YOU IMAGINE THE REALITY OF THE HOLOCAUST, OF THE NAZI DEATH CAMPS. I GREW UP IN ONE.

PERHAPS, AS YOU SAY, I AM TAINTED BY BLOOD AND RAGE-- AND DEATH.

BUT PERHAPS AS WELL, THAT BLOOD AND RAGE AND DEATH COMPRISE THE **ARMOR** THAT WILL SUSTAIN ME AND THOSE WHO STAND BY ME THROUGH THE ORDEAL TO COME.

THE PAST IS PROLOGUE, OLD FRIEND. AND THE FUTURE I BEHOLD FOR YOU IS...

...WAR.

WE HAVE ALREADY CHOSEN OUR PATH.

CHOSEN **WHAT--** A LEGACY TO OUR CHILDREN OF UN-ENDING CONFLICT?

ARE YOUR HEART AND SOUL SO **BLACK**?

PROFESSOR, WE GOTTA GO!

IT'S NO USE TALKIN', AH SEE THAT NOW.

Y'ALL MAY USE THE SAME WORDS, BUT YOU DON'T SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE. AH WONDER IF Y'EVER DID.

LEAVE ME BE, ROGUE! I WON'T PERMIT THIS!

THAT DECISION, CHARLES, IS NOT YOURS TO MAKE.

FAREWELL, MY OLD FRIEND.

WHATEVER COMES, I AND MINE WILL NOT GO LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER-- BUT LIKE TIGERS.

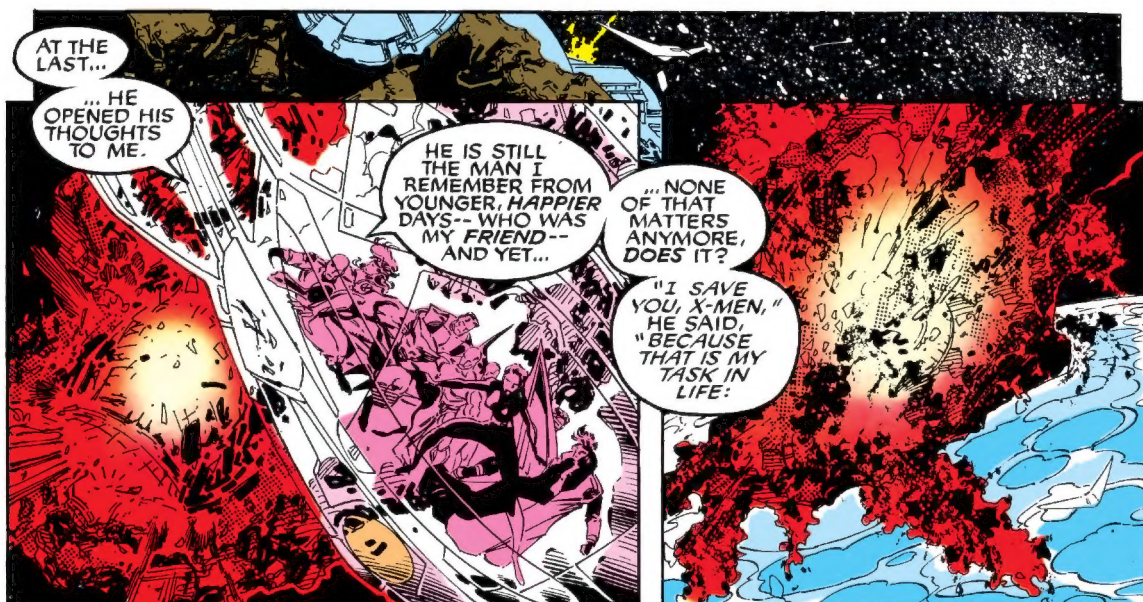
NO-- **MAGNETO--** THIS ISN'T THE ANSWER, IT ISN'T THE WAY--

WE'RE ABOARD, STORM! HATCH IS SEALED TIGHT!

GET US **OUTTA** HERE!

**NO!**





AT THE  
LAST...

... HE  
OPENED HIS  
THOUGHTS  
TO ME.

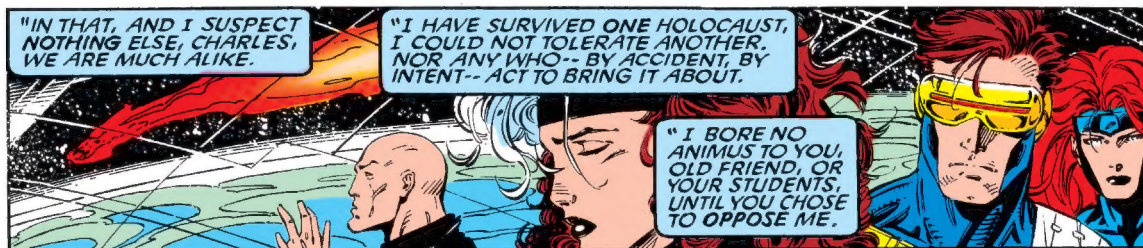
HE IS STILL  
THE MAN I  
REMEMBER FROM  
YOUNGER, HAPPIER  
DAYS-- WHO WAS  
MY FRIEND--  
AND YET...

"... NONE  
OF THAT  
MATTERS  
ANYMORE,  
DOES IT?"

"I SAVE  
YOU, X-MEN,"  
HE SAID,  
"BECAUSE  
THAT IS MY  
TASK IN  
LIFE:

"...TO SAFEGUARD MY PEOPLE--  
HOMO SAPIENS SUPERIOR--  
MUTANTKIND-- FROM THOSE  
WHO WOULD DO US HARM.

"AND THOSE  
FORCES ARE  
LEGION.



"IN THAT, AND I SUSPECT  
NOTHING ELSE, CHARLES,  
WE ARE MUCH ALIKE.

"I HAVE SURVIVED ONE HOLOCAUST,  
I COULD NOT TOLERATE ANOTHER.  
NOR ANY WHO-- BY ACCIDENT, BY  
INTENT-- ACT TO BRING IT ABOUT.

"I BORE NO  
ANIMUS TO YOU,  
OLD FRIEND, OR  
YOUR STUDENTS,  
UNTIL YOU CHOSE  
TO OPPOSE ME.

"THEN, I HAD NO CHOICE  
BUT TO COUNT YOU AMONG  
MY ENEMIES. HAVE NO  
ILLUSIONS ON THAT SCORE.

"PERHAPS IT'S BEST IT END  
THIS WAY, CHARLES. BEST  
FOR MY DREAM TO END  
IN FLAMES AND GLORY,  
HERE FAR ABOVE EARTH...

"... FOR IF WE WERE  
EVER TO MEET AGAIN...

"... I WOULD HAVE  
SHOWN YOU NO MERCY.

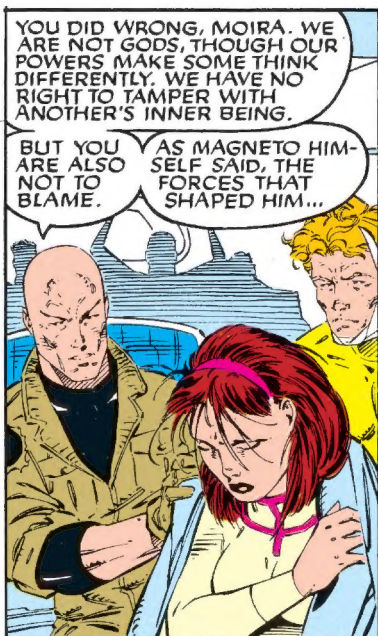
"I GIVE YOU YOUR DREAM,  
CHARLES. BUT I FEAR, IN TIME,  
YOUR HEART WILL BREAK, AS  
YOU REALIZE IT HAS EVER BEEN  
A FOOL'S HOPE. FAREWELL,  
MY FRIEND."





GOTTA SAY THIS FOR THE MAN--

--HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE AN EXIT.



YOU DID WRONG, MOIRA. WE ARE NOT GODS, THOUGH OUR POWERS MAKE SOME THINK DIFFERENTLY. WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO TAMPER WITH ANOTHER'S INNER BEING.

BUT YOU ARE ALSO NOT TO BLAME.

AS MAGNETO HIMSELF SAID, THE FORCES THAT SHAPED HIM...



...DID THEIR WORK LONG BEFORE THE X-MEN WERE EVEN BORN.

NOW PERHAPS THE TIME HAS COME TO DO SOME SHAPING OF OUR OWN.

TO ACT ON THE STAGE OF HISTORY.



LIKE MAGETO, WE HAVE MADE CHOICES IN OUR LIVES. WE HAVE TAKEN OUR STAND FOR WHAT WE BELIEVE IN. WE WERE BOTH HAUNTED MEN, HIM BY A NIGHTMARE, ME BY A DREAM.

TIME WILL TELL WHICH OF US WAS RIGHT.

HIS CHOICE WAS EVER FUELED BY RAGE, TAINTED BY THE DESPAIR THAT SCARS HIS SOUL.

AS OURS, I PRAY, WILL BE SUSTAINED BY HOPE.

WE HAVE IT WITHIN OURSELVES, X-MEN-- AS DO ALL PEOPLE, WHETHER MUTANTS OR NO-- TO LEAVE OUR WORLD BETTER THAN WE FOUND IT.

TO STRIVE FOR THE HEIGHTS OF OUR POTENTIAL, TO SEEK OUT THE BEST IN OURSELVES AND IN OTHERS, WHERE MAGNETO WOULD HAVE AUTOMATICALLY ASSUMED THE WORST.



YES, THAT IS AN IDEAL. PERHAPS AN UNATTAINABLE ONE. BUT SUCCESS IN THIS IS NOT WHAT IS IMPORTANT.

WHAT MATTERS IS THE ATTEMPT, AND OUR POWERS, OUR ROLE AS HEROES-- PERHAPS EVEN THE SIMPLE FACT THAT WE LIVE-- GIVES US THE OBLIGATION TO TRY.

CSC · 1976-1991 · FIN

**NEXT: OMEGA RED!**





MINUTEMEN

Bluntman